

1675

27 Dec 2nd



AN ELEGY

Humbly offered to the *Memory* of the *Reverend Father in God*

Doctor Humphry Henchman,

Late BISHOP of LONDON,

Who Departed this Life the 8th of October 1675.

Stand off, you *Common Fencers* for the Dead,
 Whose Mule, like *Worms*, on *Carkasses* is fed;
 Who oft *Assess* your *Mercenary Eyes*
 To pay *for'd Tears* at *unknown Obsequies*.
Profane not in *Dull Rhymes* this *Reverend Herse*
 Nor clogg't with your *Set-Forms* of *Tatter'd Verse*.
 Let *Sacred Wit* *Embalm* His *Memory*,
 And *Anthems* speak him to *Posterity*:
 Whilst all the *Raptures* in his *Praise* distill
 Not from *Pernassus*, but from *Ston Hill*.
 Great *Pious Prelate*! who can *Eccho* forth
 In any measure, thy *Transcendent Worth*?
 How justly we could wish (oh might it be!)
 A *Second Donne* to write thy *Elegy*.
 Yet, though we cannot speak Thee to the full,
 'Tis *Irreligious* to be wholly *Dull*:
 Then give us leave our *Sorrows* to express,
 Although in *Words* that do but make Thee *Less*:
 When *Publick Losses* happen, 'tis but fit,
 Each man should testify his sense of it:
 Our *Mother Church* (by boisterous *Factions* torn,
 Whose deeper *Skars* She has not yet out-worn)
 One of her *Eldest Sons* has lost this day,
 A *Light* that shone with a *Celestial Ray*;
 Whose *Presence* *small-pretended Lights* did shun,
 As *Glimmering Stars* vanish before the *Sun*,
 And can we weaker *Children* but *Bemoan*
 Our *Israels Horsemen* and her *Chariots* gone?

A man of a *true Christian temper*, Fit
 To *Feed* the *Flock*, and also *Govern* it;
 From *Superstition*, and from *Schisme* free,
 Gentle, yet *Just* to his *Authority*.
 His *Moral Virtues* did such *splendor* yield,
 Pagans would *Altars* to *less Merit* build:
 Where yearly burning *Rich Sabeen Gums*,
 The *Curling Odors* of their *Hecatombs*,
 Should reach his *Soul* in *Heav'n*; But we must pay
 No such *Oblations*; But a purer way
 Of *Imitation*, whilst we panting *tend*
 To *Live* like Him, and make as blest an *End*.
 His *Faith* was still pregnant with *Charity*,
 And his *Religion* taught him *Loyalty*,
 His *very Looks* were *Sacred*; And in's *Face*
Primitive Zeal retain'd its ancient *Grace*;
 A sweet, yet *awful Presence*, where we see
 A *General Council* in *Epitome*;
 A *Well-poiz'd Judgement*, with *stupendious parts*,
Store-house of Tongues, and *Magazine of Arts*;
 Another *Austin* for *Sublimer Sense*,
 A *Chrysostome* for *Sacred Eloquence*:
 Long had he here, with all *Good mens Applause*,
 Dispens'd his *Master's Oracles* and *Laws*,
 But now his *Work* is finish'd, his *Race* run,
 And he receives the *Crown* that he hath won;
 And when his *Lord* shall come at the *last Day*,
 He'll be his *Hench-man*, and prepare the *Way*.

EPITAPH.

Waiting the *Resurrection* of the *Just*,
 Here lies Deposited the *precious Dust*
 Of a *Grave Prelate* of so *Clear a Fame*,
 Even *Schismatics* in Him could find no *Blame*;
 London, bewails his loss, whilst *Heaven in Love*
 Translates him to the *Hierarchy* above.

FINIS. 84.